Project Motherhood: Vivian

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The three Shadow Sirens are trying to prevent a witch from causing a serious catastrophe involving the Kishin, Asura. While in the process, the youngest sister finds a young child in need...

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Introduction
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Another message to the individual who's been whining to me about giving him a male Robocop story: Clearly you didn't get the memo. Y'see, I said 'No'. When someone says 'no', that means they don't WANT to do what you're asking of them. I have zero desire to make a male Robocop story. It's not happening. Keep your mouth shut about it. You're seriously pissing me off.

It was a dark, empty, quiet night in Death City. The moon hung above the city, laughing its head off as if it had heard the most hilarious joke.

Suddenly, three shadows appeared, illuminated by a street lamp.

The shadows twisted an writhed as the rose upward. Taking shape as they manifested from the darkness around them. Finally, the shadows gave way to three individuals; women, if their clothes were anything to go by.

The first was of moderate height, light purple hair flowing past her shoulder blades. Atop her head was a blue witch's hat with white stripes. Her dress, modest in almost every sense of the word, was the same color. A shoulder cape of a darker shade rested where it was meant to. Her hands lacked gloves, showing that they had been aged with time. A look at the womans face also showed her visible age, appearing as if she was on her way to her sixties.

In truth, this woman was really over 1,000 years old.

The second woman was larger and rather round, with short blonde hair, golden yellow eyes and a yellow hat. She looked quite a bit younger than her older sister, around the age of thirty five at most. She wore white gloves over her hands, and a large yellow dress.

The third woman was very clearly the youngest. She was a petite young woman, with curly pink hair, piercing red eyes and a pink-striped hat. Her features were youthful, and what most men would consider extremely beautiful. Her clothes consisted of a thigh-length pink dress and red and white striped stockings.

There were the three Shadow Sirens. Beldam, Marilyn and Vivian.

Beldam looked at her watch, irritated. "Where's Freak Sheet?! He should have been here long before us!" Vivian tilted her head.

"Did you give him the right directions, sis?" She asked.

"Of course I did, Vivian." Beldam replied.

In a different part of the city, a figure that looked like a short man dressed as a bedsheet ghost looked at the map Beldam had gave him. This was the right spot...

"Where the heck IS everybody?!" Doopliss exclaimed.

"Guh! Guhguhguh!"

"What do you mean I'm bad with directions?!" Beldam exclaimed to Marilyn, offended.

Vivian could only watch with half-lidded eyes as her sisters began to argue...again.

It was a common occurence, especially after the events three years ago.

After the Shadow Queen was defeated by Mario, Beldam had resolved to become closer to her sisters, especially Vivian. Of course, bickering between the two older sisters was common, but hey, the best of friends were also the worst of enemies. It just goes to show how close they were.

Vivian couldn't stop the smile that crossed her features. To think that she used to be the one that was blamed for her sisters' mistakes. Now her sisters not only treated her fairly, but also protected her when she needed.

And it was all thanks to a short plumber with a love for pasta.

'Thank you, Mario. For everything.' She thought to herself.

Beldam huffed. "Fine, fine, I'll let Vivian do it next time! Or do you think she's bad with directions too?!"

"Guh."

"Thanks, Marilyn." Vivian replied with a smile. "No worries, sis! I can handle everything involving directions!" Beldam sulked.

"I can do it too...I just...had an off day..." She grumbled. Vivian giggled.

"So do we go out and look for Doopliss then?"

"Hmph. If he's not here in ten minutes, then we will." Both of the younger witches nodded. Sounded reasonable enough.

"Excuse me."

All three sisters turned to the new voice. Stepping into the light was a young woman with blonde hair and dark yellow eyes. underneath the whit labcoat was a black shirt and pants. Beldam could only narrow her eyes under her hat. This woman seemed familiar.

"I couldn't help but overhear that you were looking for someone." The new arrival spoke up. "Any chance I can be of assistance?"

"Perhaps." Stepping up, Vivian decided to see if this woman could help. "You wouldn't happen to see a man dressed as a typical Holloween ghost, would you?"

Medusa quirked her brow. "Well. That's an odd wardrobe choice. I believe I heard something about someone like that on the other side of town." The three sisters frowned.

"Guh!"

"I wasn't COMPLETELY wrong, I just mixed up my lefts with my rights! It's a common mistake!"

"Well, while you argue amongst yourselves, I feel I must be on my way now." Vivian watched the woman go as her sisters argued.

"Um...Beldam?" Vivian asked. "That's...That's the woman you're suspicious of...right?" Beldam glared after the woman, arms crossed.

"Yes. That's her. That's the one who's trying to bring HIM back." She was referring to the Kishin of legend...Asura.

The younger sisters shuddered. They knew full well how dangerous Asura was, so why anyone would want to bring him back (and how Beldam even found out someone was trying to) was a mystery in itself.

"Well, let's go find Doopliss." Vivian stated. "Let's just hope he isn't too lost in this city."

"That scatterbrain? Heh...He most certainly will be." Beldam replied, crossing her arms.

Marilyn grunted again, and the sisters understood it's meaning flawlessly.

"What do you mean it'd be my fault that happened?!" Vivian could only sigh in response to her sisters bickering again. This was going to be a long night.

On the other side of Death City

Three sisters had been searching for their sheet wearing friend for about an hour so now. At times when they think they found him it would only be a stray cat. Needless to say, after a few failed stops, Beldam started to get annoyed.

"Where the hell is he?!"

"Just calm down sis!" Vivian pleaded. "I'm sure we'll find him eventually. We just need to keep looking."

Beldam sighed as she tried to reign her frustration in, Marilyn plancing a hand on her older sister's should in an effort to help. After a few moments, the elder witch seemed to calm down.

"Okay, okay..." She muttered, crossing her arms. "We don't need Freak Sheet for this...We can do it ourselves! We're perfectly capable of taking down that old hag, right?"

"Guh!"

"No?! What do mean no?!

"Guhguh!"

"She's not THAT strong!"

"Sis...?"

"Guuuuuh!"

"Who cares?! I could do that too!"

"Sis..."

"Guhguhguhguh!"

"We won't die-"

"Sis, I found Doopliss."

Beldam whirled around to face her youngest sister at that. The pink haired girl simply pointed to her left and saw the sheet wearing ghost standing next to a man dressed in a gray suit with long red hair.

"There you guys are!" He exclaimed, an even mix of annoyance and relief in his tone. He turned to the man he was standing next to and bowed. "Thanks for the help, Slick. Couldn't have really gotten anywhere with this map." In the background, Beldam was muttering about people picking on her.

"No problem!" The man said with a wide grin. "And thank YOU for the drink!"

"Heh. Wasn't a problem, Slick."

"Drink?! Doopliss, you were at a bar?!" Beldam screeched.

Seemingly unaffected by Beldam's outburst, even though his ears were ringing slightly, Doopliss turned to the older woman with half-lidded eyes.

"Yeah, I was, after I spent a good while looking for you guys." He said dryly. Beldam gave him an unamused snort before he contiued. "Anyway, I figured I could take a break by having a quick drink. While I was waiting, I ended up meeting this guy." He gestured to the red-haired man next to him. "We started talking after that, and he offered to help me look for you guys after I bought him a drink."

"That's right." The man nodded. "I can't turn down someone who needs help after they paid for my drink-" The man froze when he saw Vivian. The youngest sister noticed, and tilted her head.

"Um...Are you all-" She sweatdropped when she noticed the man's eyes suddenly appeared to be replaced with a pair of hearts. "...Oh no..." She facepalmed.

Suddenly, the man was in a kneeling position in front of her, clinging at her hand. "Tell me, ma'am...Did it hurt when you fell down from

heaven?" He said smoothly.

"...What?" Vivian could only give the man a deadpan stare for his comment. She wasn't the type to flaunt her looks, so the stranger's effort in being suave didn't affect her in the least.

Beldam cleared her throat, earning everyone's attention. "Yes, well, thank you for helping our friend, but we really must be going." She stated, keeping her act together. She became just a little more protective over her siblings in the time they've been bonding. So seeing this man trying to flirt with her sister almost set her off.

The man seemed to get the message as he stood on his feet and cleared his throat. "Right, I understand. The name's Spirit by the way; Spirit Albarn."

"Yes, fantastic." Beldam said dismissively. "Thank you for bringing the sheeted idiot back, stay away from my sister, now if you'll excuse us, we have important business to attend to." Spirit nodded.

"Uh...Of course." He turned to look at Vivian and tossed her a small piece of paper before walking away. Vivian picked up the paper, and grimaced when she saw it was a phone number.

Seeing her sister's expression, Beldam grabbed the slip from Vivian's hand and scowled. "Damn idiot doesn't know when to quit." She muttered, before gathering some shadows in her hand and shred the paper she was holding. After scoffing in satisfaction she turned to those present. "Now then, since that's out of the way, let's keep moving."

"Are you sure, sis?" Vivian spoke up. "It's already late into the night, after all." Marilyn gave a low grunt in agreement. It was well passed ten.

"If we hurry we'll be able to get to sleep before midnight. So let's get this done." The two younger sisters and Doopliss only sighed. Once

Beldam set her mind to something, she doesn't stop until her task is done.

Honestly, it was rather troublesome at times.

And so...

"You're sure this is the place, Slick?" Doopliss asked, unsure. "I mean...It seems to me like it's pretty run-down..."

"Yes, this is it for sure. I can sense it. Plus I saw her come here one time." Beldam replied.

The group was standing outside an old abandoned warehouse.

"Well, come on, let's not dawdle!" The eldest sister entered the warehouse and found...

Nothing.

"...Guh."

"Yes I'm sure it's here!"

"It's a ghost zone in here, Beldam." Doopliss said.

"No! I KNOW it's here!"

As the trio argued, Vivian blinked, and looked around the room. She began to explore the area, then noticed that a part of the carpet seemed to be off...

Lifting it up, she blinked when she saw a trap door.

That could only mean one thing.

"Beldam!" Hearing Vivian's call, the others rushed to her to see what she found. Eyes went wide at the discovery while Beldam herself smirked.

"Told you there was something here." She stated smugly, before Marylin grunted. "What do you mean 'one of the few times I'm right'?! It's not like I'm wrong most of the time!"

Vivian and Doopliss only exchanged looks before sighing. Now was so not the time.

"If you two are done," the younger witch started, getting her sisters' attention. "Shall we see what's down below?" Both sisters grunted, but pouted that their arguement was stopped.

"This is NOT over." Beldam mouthed to her younger sister.

"Down we go!" Slick said before hopping into the opening.

One by one, the three sisters made their way down into the dark abyss, mentally prepring themselves for a confrontation that was sure to occur.

Little did they know, that confrontation will lead to something big.

"Now, remember the plan...Vivian, you go look for the notes she probably keeps down here. The rest of us will create a diversion."

"You got it, sis." Vivian whispered back, fading into the shadows of the dark room.

Beldam and the rest of her entourage continued through the shadowed hallways of what was, hopefully, Medusa Gorgon's hideout. The elder witch knew there was likely to be an encounter, so she was prepared for anything that may come.

She just hoped Vivian would be okay. She made the mistake of not caring for the youngest siren, and she would be damned if she didn't make up for it.

The party of three continued onward down the dark corridors, keeping a watchful eye out for any surprises that came their way, until the stepped into a gathering hall from the looks of things. It was

wide, circular, and big enough to fit quite a few people into. The most glaring aspect of the room, however, were the several scorch marks along the floor and walls.

Almost as if-

"Hasn't anyone told you it's rude to barge in unannounced?"

Turning her head to the sound before jumping back with her sister and colleague, Beldam narrowed her eyes as she turned to their attacker at the end of several arrows of black energy.

"You were expecting us..." She stated simply.

The witch smirked devillishly. "Well of course I was." She replied. "You didn't think I was a fool, did you?"

"Guuuuh!" Marilyn replied, crossing her arms.

"Yeah, we were kiiiinda hoping you were." Doopliss said, wringing his hands together nervously. "Uh...Heh...No hard feelings about busting into your place, right, Slick?" To answer his question, Medusa jabbed a Vector Arrow through the party hat atop his head.

Ignoring the sheet wearing buffoon now hiding behind her legs, Beldam kept her gaze on Medusa, now wearing a black hooded body suit with a pair of snakes at the hips. She regarded the witch with a level gaze as she mentally prepared for the fight to come. "Guess I shouldn't be surprised, given it's one of the two remaining Gorgon Sisters we're dealing with."

If Medusa seemed put off by the subtle reminder of the loss of Shaula, she didn't show it. Instead, she scoffed and regarded the elder witch in return. "Don't sell yourself short. After all, it's not everyday you come face-to-face with the Shadow Sirens."

Beldam grinned toothily and snickered. "Oh, you flatter me." She replied, waving a hand.

"But where is the third one? I was so looking forward to skewering her." Medusa mused with a mock pout.

"Vivian? She split off from us a while ago." 'Though hidden under her hat, Beldam's eyes had narrowed into slits. Three years was enough to care for your sister to the point of being protective, which meant putting the hurt on anyone who would threaten them. The blonde in front of her just added another reason to ending her wretched existence.

Medusa seemed to become serious at that. "I see..." she muttered. "In that case I should end this quickly. Wouldn't want her to stumble on something she shouldn't." A purple aura began to surround her as she levelled her gaze at Beldam. The elder witch smirked in response.

"Hiding something, aren't we?" The blonde before her simply narrowed her eyes slightly. "Regardless, you may not find this to be so easy." A darker aura began to surround the blue clad witch as the shadows at her feet began to twist and writhe. "After all, with age comes experience, and you're two centuries too early to think you can out match me before the fight." Hunching forward a little, she gave a rather sinister smirk to her younger opponent. "Just ask your sister."

Medusa's eyes narrowed further. She had first heard of Beldam several hundred years ago when the Shadow Queen was still at large. Around that time, a much less mature Arachne had come home ranting about losing a fight to "some pointy hat wearing hussy". Of course, Shaula had teased her elder sister about it, while Medusa at the time didn't really put much thought into it.

But now, she had second thoughts about the elder witch. She never thought she would actually meet her in battle...

"I would like to know something." Medusa said calmly.

"Oh? And what would that be?"

"Why break into my base?"

"Well, I've heard you're going to try to bring Asura back. And we can't have that now, can we?" Medusa blinked. Then she snickered...Then she began to laugh loudly. Beldam frowned.

"And just what is so funny?"

"Oh, how hypocritical you are, Beldam." Medusa said with a smirk. "Does the Shadow Queen ring any bells?"

Big mistake.

Medusa was forced to take a step back as the aura surrounding her opponent exploded in intesity. Eyes wide with surprise and fear, Medusa watched as the shadows on the ground rose in blobby masses.

"If there's one thing I don't like..." Beldam hissed, causing Marilyn and Doopliss to back up further than they already have. "...It's being reminded of my past mistakes." She took a step forward, the ground slightly cracking as she moved.

"I know full well the blunder I made three years ago. It was through the actions of a red clad plumber that opened my eyes." While a small part of her still held some loyalty to her former master, she had long since moved on from that state of mind. "I was upset at one point, typically, but it was through the actions of my sister, the sister I had all but neglected, that I was able to move on."

"It was through that lesson..." She raised her head enough to reveal her eyes; eyes brimming with power and rage. "...that I resolve to right my wrongs, and prevent such monsters from being released again." Memories of that final battle, how Vivian still defended her when the Shadow Queen had all but abandoned her, that had given her that resolve to make up for her poor treatment of her younger sister.

And she was going to see it through to the end, even if Vivian already said she had forgiven her.

Medusa, after getting over her shock, let out a low 'tsk' and raised her power as high as she could.

"Is that how it is? Well then...So be it."

Meanwhile, elsewhere in the base, Vivian searched the entire area thoroughly.

"Hmm...There must be SOMETHING around here..." She mused to herself, looking around.

She had roamed for a good few minutes before stumbling upon some sort of lab. The place itself somewhat reminded her of the X-naught's headquarters, but there were a vast majority of viles, flasks, and other such glass containers filled with all sorts of mixtures an unsightly things.

The viles filled with a strange black liquid unsettled her the most.

Moved to one part of the room where a sole desk against the wall sat with a notebook open for the world to see. Giving in to curiosity she started reading what appeard to be the latest entry.

"Let's see...Black blood settling in nicely..." She looked at the black liquid. "Black blood...? Is that what that is...?" Shaking her head, she continued reading. "Test subject gradually growing accustomed to the black blood..." Her eyes widened in shock. "Test subject...?"

The whole room shook, stirring her from her thoughts. The force was enough to knock a flask of boiling water from the fire it was on. Getting over being startled by the breaking glass, Vivian looked to one of the walls of the lab. She frowned slightly.

She could tell her sister was currently in a fight, most likely with the witch they were after. Despite knowing how strong her sister was,

and assured she would be alright with Marylin and Doopliss supporting her, the younger witch still felt worried. Three years, while enough time to make up for past mistakes, was still too short to be satisfying. She didn't want to lose her sister after reconnecting with her.

A knock on something metal stirred her from her thoughts. Looking around, she found a metal door on the other side of the room. Just in time to hear what was on the other side.

"Hello? Is anyone there?"

Her eyes widened. That sounded like a child! But what was a child doing here?!

"I'm warning ya...If you don't want us to tear you to shreds, you'd better get the hell outta here!" An adult male voice sounded out as well from the door. Vivian frowned and hid in the shadows. The door slowly opened.

A small child entered the room, looking around uneasily. "Um...H-Hello...?" He said timidly, looking around for the intruder. "Wh-Where are you...?"

"If there IS someone here, they're not gonna TELL us where they are, Crona." Came the male voice. "C'mon, we gotta get them out of here or else the witch'll kill us!"

Vivian, still hiding, gasped silently when the child stepped out of his "room". He was small, had pink hair, and pail skin due to lack of sunlight. She been to wonder what he was doing here, not to mention where that other voice was coming from.

Another rumble shook the room. This time it was enough to knock a flask filled with some sort of bubbling green liquid. The child, while startled by the event, stumbled towards the shelf the flask was on. This not noticing when the container about to fall on him.

And that's when Vivian took action.

Leaping from her place in the shadows, the youngest siren sent a few dark tendrils to the boy like a whip; quickly snatching the boy from his spot as the flask fell.

The child let out a yelp as the shadows snagged him and brought him into someone's grasp. When he heard glass breaking, he craned his neck to where he was standing moments before. His eyes widened as part of the floor melted away, dark green smoke rising as the acid ate away at Stone.

He began to tremble at the sight, familiar feelings of dread returning to him as he watched the acid eat away at the stone floor. Whimpering softly, he subconsciously clutched tightly to whatever it was that was holding him, too frightened to question it.

"Little boy, are you okay...?" He looked up when he heard a soft voice speak to him, and he saw a pretty woman looking down at him with a concerned expression on her face. "You look pretty shaken up...I understand why..." She gave him a sympathetic smile.

And then, a third party made itself known, as a black blob grew from the boy's back. "Hey there, good-lookin'. Thanks for the save there." The blob said flirtatiously. Vivian blinked twice and tilted her head to the side. This was...unusual. But then again, she had seen strange things before, no sense letting this get to her.

"Um...You're welcome." She said shyly, a bit bashful at his complimenting of her looks. "I could never live with myself if I did nothing while a little boy was killed..." The blob replied with a scoff.

"Please, you think that would have been enough to kill us? You have no idea how good I am at keeping this kid intact!" Vivian's eyes widened.

"Um...Can I ask what you mean?" The youngest Shadow Siren asked timidly. Ragnarok puffed his chest out with pride.

"I've been healing this kid's injuries since he was in diapers! I can stop anything from killing him! He's been beaten, stabbed, crushed, burned, poisoned, cut up, doused with acid, and I was able to stop all of it from killing him! You're looking at a real miracle worker here!"

None of the boasting registered in the (by her standards) young woman's mind as she listened to the things the blob claim to have healed before. She almost felt sick, but thankfully she was able to hold it in.

"H-He was what?" She finally replied shakily. The child tilted his head in confusion while the blob mistook her horror for awe.

"Ya heard me." He continued. "This kid's been through so much crap, it sometimes makes me wonder why we're still here."

Hearing the conformation only made things worse. Vivian wasn't sure what to make of this. This poor boy endured son much since infancy, all because of some sick woman's research?

The child, meanwhile, was still looking at the woman curiously. When she started to shake, he started worry he did something wrong. That is, until he was hugged tightly, yet not enough to hurt.

"I...I'm sorry..." She breathed softly. "I'm so...SO sorry this happened to you...No one deserves to go through anything like that..."

"B-But you don't have to be sorry...You didn't do anything wrong..." Crona said softly, looking up at her and tilting his head. Vivian teared up at that. He was a sweet little thing...

"I know...But...I just feel awful for your suffering...Don't worry...My sisters and I will save you, and we'll take you back to any family you might have..."

"Uh...That might be tough." Ragnarok said. "See, the kid's mom is the one that's been doing it to him the entire time, and from what I've heard, her sisters are just as bad as she is, if not worse."

She was too busy crying to scoff. This thing obviously didn't know about last time...